

SPORTS OF A DAY

BASEBALL NOTES.

Owner Cameron of the New Haven club, now that his new ticket suggestion has been turned down by the league directors will have a turn-still installed in his Savin Rock grounds. He claims that it is only by this means that the leakage at the gate can be over come.

Some of the young ladies of Macon, Ga., were to give a fair and asked the members of the New York Americans to enter into a contest of any sort they might suggest. The old timers on the job put it at the bottom of the youngsters who decided that it should be a pie eating contest. After a great deal of argument as to who sort of pie should be eaten the contest was declared off.

Murray Parker, pitcher for the Springfield team and Miss Meta Driscoll were united in marriage on St. Patrick's Day at the Church of the Sacred Heart in Springfield. The dispatches describe the dress of the bride in glowing terms but fail to give Murray a mention as to his dress. If he had worn a baseball uniform it is probable that something would have been said about it.

Tim Jordan, the National League's star home run swatter beat it south yesterday for the training camp of the Brooklyn, having decided to accept the terms of the franchise that a certain portion of his salary be set aside as a guarantee of his being in condition. Tim had an idea that no one could hit his shoes on first, but reading of the press reports of the doings of Hummel on the first bag he probably changed his mind.

The St. Louis Nationals had an exciting time last week, when the Capital Hotel, where they are stopping at Little Rock, Ark., fire. The men were all routed out of bed, but the blaze was subdued with very little damage.

The Boston Globe remarks that Jim O'Rourke, the local manager, played right field and first base for Boston in his last game, in fifty-seven games. That season only sixty games were played and A. G. Spalding pitched all of them.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs quickly, strengthens the lungs and exalts the voice. Get it in a bottle or a box. P. B. Brill, local agent.

NOTES ABOUT THE FIGHTERS

KETCHELL TO TACKLE JOHNSON.
Chicago, March 19.—Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion, has at last succeeded in getting someone to fight him for his title. Stanley Ketchell, middleweight champion, has agreed to meet the boxer. Both fighters have deposited \$1,000 as a guarantee of good faith.

In regard to the match Johnson said: "Ketchell should be much easier for me than was Burns. He is hardly in the same class with Tommy as a boxer. From what I hear of him he cannot be much more than a boy with a hard punch for the middleweight."

WRESTLERS' TOURNEY.
New Haven, March 19.—The big annual wrestling meet in which Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Cornell participate, will be held in the Yale gymnasium to-night. Yale, Princeton and Cornell are the favorites, each having won four and lost one match. Pennsylvania comes next, having only one victory to her credit in the Columbia series, the bottom, having lost all five matches.

TIP FOR JACK JOHNSON.
San Francisco, March 19.—When Johnson fights Jim Jeffries he will do well not to try to drive the Californian into a corner. If he does it is a shame to say what would happen. This is the opinion of Sam Fitzpatrick, erstwhile manager of the black champion, in a statement issued here regarding his relations to Johnson. Fitzpatrick says Johnson is big enough but that he lacks the punch to put his opponent out. He declares he never told Johnson he could beat Jeffries.

The National Commission at its meeting in Cincinnati yesterday decided to reinstate James C. Delehanty of the Washington Club who has been on the ineligible list for his participation in games against the Longs of Chicago, last fall. A fine of \$50 will let Delehanty into the game again. Another question settled affected the Hartford club. Charles A. Fallon, left fielder for the club was declared a free agent. Fallon lost his case at the baseball meeting in Chicago and Secretary Farrell declined to hear his appeal. Fallon declared to the commission that he played with Hartford during the season of 1908 without signing a contract. He said this fact his application to be a free agent was granted.

Both of New York's big baseball clubs are receiving many applications for season tickets nowadays. One of these applications read this way: "As I've been a fan for thirty years and have always paid my way I think it's about time I had a complimentary pass. If you decide to give me one make it read 'Admit bearer and friends.' I know a bunch of good fellows who'd like to go with me." In reply a club official wrote: "We cannot give you a season book, but how would you like to have a block of stock in the club?"

How can any person risk taking some unknown cough remedy when Foley's Honey and Tar costs them no more? It is a safe remedy, contains no harmful drugs, and cures the most obstinate coughs and colds. Why experiment with your health? Insist upon having the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar. P. B. Brill, local agent.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

New York, March 18.—Medium to prime steers sold at \$5.00-\$5.25 per 100 lbs. and stags at \$4.00-\$4.25. Cows at \$3.50-\$4.75; cows at \$2.00-\$4.10. Dressed beef \$6.00-\$6.10. Common to choice hams sold at \$6.00-\$6.75 per 100 lbs.; a few at \$1.00; culls at \$5.00. Dressed calves \$5.00-\$5.10 for city dressed, with a few sales at \$1.50; country dressed at \$4.00. Common to fair sheep sold at \$4.00-\$5.00 per 100 lbs.; culls at \$3.00. Choice lambs at \$7.50-\$8.10; culls at \$4.00. Dressed mutton, with a few sales at \$5.00; dressed lambs at \$6.00. Country dressed hothouse lambs \$4.00-\$5.00 per carcass. Light to heavy hogs sold at \$7.00-\$7.25 per 100 lbs.; light state pigs at \$5.00. Country dressed hogs, 60-70 lbs.

BOWLING.

Two very good games were rolled in the City League contest. The Arcade alleys last night, the Nationals winning from the Crescents 2-1, and the All-Americans defeating the Arcades by the score of 2-1. The first game was well contested with Williams high man, hitting the pins for a total of 655. His 223 was high single for the evening. The second game saw the consistent rolling of Dudley of the Arcades who hit the pins for falls of 203, 205 and 205. The scores:

NATIONALS.		
Whalen.....	159	179
Williams.....	216	196
Banks.....	198	169
.....	564	544

CRESCENTS.		
Holiah.....	220	166
C. Musante.....	192	202
Liggins.....	171	146
.....	583	514

ARCADES.		
Robson.....	172	151
Mohr.....	181	203
Dudley.....	203	205
.....	578	544

ALL-AMERICANS.		
Tierpan.....	200	156
Giles.....	200	222
Brewer.....	172	170
.....	581	548

A team styling themselves the U. M. C. and another going by the name of D. C. & B., essayed to bowl last night, the former taking all three points. Sherwood's 508 was the highest of the game. The scores:

U. M. C. CO.		
S. Sherwood.....	190	154
Gratner.....	139	141
Simpson.....	166	149
Lawson.....	111	173
Hull.....	121	182
.....	804	737

D. C. & B. CO.		
Woodcock.....	167	161
Bales.....	111	124
Quinn.....	181	132
Springue.....	137	147
Younas.....	153	174
.....	759	715

Chimneys.
Chimneys are modern—that is, chimneys with fireplaces and flues. None of the Roman ruins shows chimneys like ours. There are none in the restored buildings in Herculaneum and Pompeii. Roman architects complained that their decorations were smoked up. A kitchen in Rome was always sooty. Braziers were used in the living rooms. The chimney of antiquity consisted of a hole in the roof. The wealthy Romans used carefully dried wood, which would burn in the room without soot. The modern chimney was first used in Europe in the fourteenth century. The oldest certain account of a chimney places it in Venice in 1347.

A Fish's Tail.
A fish exerts its great propulsive power with its tail, not with its fins. The paddle wheel was made on the fin theory of propulsion, and the screw propeller had its origin in noting the action of the tail. It is now shown that the fins of the tail actually perform the evolutions described by the propeller blades and that the fish in its sinuous motion through the water depends on the torsional of the tail to give it power.

WHERE IS THIS MAN TO GO?

He Wants An Individual Clothing Style as Every Up-to-Date Fellow Does.

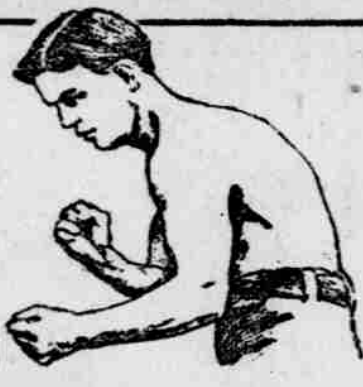
YES, HE CAN GET SATISFACTION If He Reads This Article and Then Acts On Its Advice.

Individual styles in men's clothing will be more in demand than ever this spring and summer. There was a time when some particular modes struck the public fancy and for a time it would be all the go only subsequently to become an eye-sore to the street or in company with another by common. The well-dressed man demands exclusive styles—he wants to be sure that he will not be caught on the street or in company with another whose suit is a duplicate of his. He doesn't wish to be misconstrued for aping anyone else in dress or manner. He takes for a while—frequently dress alike. What he does want is an individual style made from goods that isn't bought in quantity great enough to dress the whole community. Then and then only, this man has correctly solved the question of superior dress. Could this be accomplished at the ready-made clothing store where table and shelf is piled high with all the sizes of identical style and pattern? No, of course not. Even if he were to go to the "old school" merchant tailoring establishment where simply the style books are followed for the season's designs? No, not here either! Then where is the painstaking, individual dresser to go for satisfaction? He must go to the creative tailor—the tailor who originates, plans, and carries out the plans to give the public something different from the common-place. That tailor is Wheeler at 1042 Main street. In his shop your own personal characteristics are considered in the production of your clothes. Your own ideas are given just attention. You are not simply shown a style sheet and asked which way will you have your suit made, but you are consulted about many little changes from the regular and suggestions are made for your approval so that when your suit is made you are the possessor of a style which will set you apart from the crowd and mark you as a well-dressed man. The spring and summer wools are very choice now during the budding of the new season and the bolts of materials are just heavy enough to make every selection an exclusive one. Better look them over and experience some real satisfaction this season.

Life, Battles and Career of Battling Nelson

VIII.—I Go Into Business

By BATTILING NELSON.
Lightweight Champion of the World
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY BATTILING NELSON



THE next day, right after I had at Hot Springs came about as a result of my belief that I was of championship caliber. After I had licked George Brownfield and a negro named Christy Williams I asked the officials of the Vapor City Athletic club to match me with some one who was capable of giving me a run for my money. At this time Sam Maxwell, a cracking good western lightweight, was sojourning there and in excellent training. The club officials were a bit ruffled over my apparent display of "nerve" in demanding that I be matched with a good one, and they framed up to hand me a beautiful bunch of "cheese" and a good beating at the hands of the self-same Samuel Maxwell.

Beats Sammy Maxwell.
Maxwell was a very clever sort of boxer, his footwork being particularly good. He was up to all the western tricks of stalling, fighting foul in clinches and playing for time. I warmed up to his style after the first round after that Sammy had a hard time of it trying to stay on his feet. If I cracked him to the mat once I did it half a dozen times. I won easily.

Having won a decisive victory over Maxwell and got the fight fans with me, I was matched to fight Adam Ryan, a lightweight, who was in close line for the championship. On that fight depended my first chance to go into business, and I was determined to win or die in the attempt. We met at Little Rock, Ark., on St. Patrick's day, March 17, 1908. I never lost a fight on St. Patrick's day, and that gave me more confidence than I would have had ordinarily. And that is saying a whole lot. George Kelly promoted the fight.

I tried my utmost to hammer Ryan and his wonderful reputation into the Land of Nod that evening, but the best I could do was to get a draw with him. Ryan had some class and evidently had seen me fight before. His seconds cautioned him continually not to attempt to inside or catch the fight to me. All I could hear from them was, "Adam, look out for his left—it's dangerous."

He followed orders all right, and though I punished him unmercifully during the fifteen rounds fought, he managed to hang on. At the finish he had a deathlike grip around my neck and was all in. You can imagine my joy and great surprise when the secretary of the club walked up and handed me \$350 in cash—by far the largest lump sum I had received for one fight during my career to that time.

Sat Buys a Restaurant.
I had been employed in the Turf cafe at Hot Springs at the time, and, after finding a partner, I bought my boss out and the place was turned over to me. My first business venture had begun, and I worked as hard to make it a success as I ever have to win in the ring. Somehow the fellows didn't seem to be quite so hungry that year as they had the season before, and the business was not near as big as that at the Waldorf in New York. As we were not making much money, I would let my partner run the restaurant at night and I would go out and fight to keep the thing going.

I was notified that I could come up to a "stag" and fight Jack Robinson and pull down a little dough to help



"LOOK OUT FOR HIS LEFT!"
the restaurant along. It was the night of April 5, and I shall never forget it. The only chance I saw to keep the restaurant going was to lick that fellow Robinson.

When arrived at the club, however, they told me the thing was just for fun and that nobody must be knocked out. You can imagine what kind of a go it was.

When we were through with the six rounds the manager of the house slipped me a five dollar bill. "Bat," I said to myself, "this is no place for you."

Business Goes to Smash.
In pretty bad spirits I went back to the restaurant, and there I saw all the waiters lined up. They had peculiar looks on their faces, and I knew that something had happened.

"What's the trouble, fellows?" I asked as I went in the door.
"Nothing," said one of them, "except that your partner has beat it, and I think he's got all the money."

The waiter's words were certainly true. That fellow had vanquished with everything in sight. My \$350 that I had worked so hard to save was gone in a smoke. I was almost broken hearted.

"Here, you fellows," I said, turning to the waiters, "you fellows serve all the meals and get all the money you can tonight, for I haven't got anything else to pay you with." They all sympathized with me in my misfortune and went to work to scrape up what change they could. Some of the



ALL THE WAITERS LINED UP.

steaks sold at bargain prices that night. Every cent taken in went to the waiters. When they were through that place was a wreck.

Just as I was about to close up the door and go uptown to look for another job a messenger boy came running up and handed me a telegram.

One Ray of Hope.
Here was one ray of hope. I tore open the message, and inside was an offer to go to Milwaukee and fight Cyclone Johnny Thompson, another Dane. I had defeated him before and felt sure that I would have a cakewalk this time.

But how was I to get there? I could not borrow money, and I didn't know what to do. Suddenly I thought of my five dollar bill that I had got at the "stag." I quickly showed this down in the sole of my shoe, stole silently up Central avenue and headed toward the Little Rock and Hot Springs Western railroad station yards.

The fast train to St. Louis was just rolling out of the yards, and I chased hard after her and in a few moments had dodged under the mail car and was huddled under the trucks. Boys, particularly you kids who are perhaps inspired over the success I had so far attained as a champion boxer, take heed here. There I was, Battling Nelson, the hero even then of almost half a hundred ring battles—seven years of continuous fighting, cuffing and mauling—driven to the choice of losing out on a chance to win money and laurels by remaining at the Springs or risking my neck by riding beneath the trucks of a mail train to keep the engagement in Milwaukee.

I accepted the desperate chance, and, though the trip was fraught with dangers, starvation and pain, I finally managed to reach Milwaukee in time to fight.

Dangers of Riding on Trucks.
I forgot to say that before I got on the trucks of that train I ran back to the restaurant which I had owned a few hours before and got two sandwiches. Nothing else was left, and, as I had to hurry, I grabbed these.

You may think that riding on the trucks of a passenger train has a lot of fun in it, but you are mistaken. At times it is like torture. You can't get in a comfortable place. The worst thing, though, is the temptation to go to sleep. I shall never forget one time on that trip. I was so tired and so broken up over my misfortune that I began to nod. I fully realized the dangers of going to sleep, but I could not help it. I dozed off for a moment, and my foot dropped from its place and struck one of the ties of the track. In another second I was almost jerked off my perch as my foot was slammed against the floor overhead. It is a wonder that my leg was not broken. Luckily I got back to my former position without injury, but you can bet that I went to sleep no more that night.

During my career I have found myself in many a ticklish position, but for actual bloodcurdling experience that ride on the trucks was the most thrilling of them all. I have been the victim of many a jolt in the battle of life, but that one experience is the thing I shall remember longest. Since that time whenever I hear of any poor wretch who has made a single journey I fairly bubble over with sympathy for him. Compared with such a method of traveling ballooning is but a mild and gently stimulating exercise. That I ever lived to reach Milwaukee will always be to me one of the greatest pieces of good luck I have ever experienced.

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Still Time for Your Easter Suit.

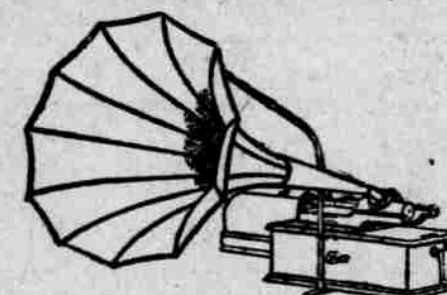
But don't put it off. Our tailors are working night and day. Easter orders must soon stop.

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\$35.00 Suits to Measure at \$17.50
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